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Power of the press

Small presses can be "useless perpetrators of useless talents," or they can provide a voice to the powerless.

Peaceweed Press relaxes after a hard day of editing. From left to right, George, Patsy, Charles and Tommy watch as the Henleys' son Charlie plays with the family dog. (Photos by Bob Thompson)

by Gary Ligi

If technology has accomplished anything, it has given the disaffected among the previously powerless, voiceless masses of the people the means with which to express their dissatisfaction. In politics, the availability of compact, efficient weapons has given rise to global terrorism which, along with advancements in transportation and communication, makes it more than a remote possibility that an Israeli raid on Palestinian outposts in Lebanon can be answered with a few hand-held missiles fired into a crowd at Columbia Metropolitan Airport. Our increasing dependence upon one kind of engine or another has brought economics a potency tantamount to a B-52 when it comes to persuading an ideological adversary to reconsider its position. Likewise, technological advances have irreversibly changed the shape and content of art.

In the beginning of his book on James Joyce's language (**Joysprick:** A Harvest Book -- $3.95), Anthony Burgess discusses some of these changes.

Burgess chooses to distinguish between two types of novelist. The Class I novelist, he tells us, is "usually popular, sometimes wealthy, in whose work language is a zero quantity, transparent, unseductive, the overtones of connotation and ambiguity totally damped." This is the contemporary slick writer, the delineator, the anecdotal storyteller, whose primary concern is with situation, character, plot, etc. and who views language as a mere vehicle to convey his story. His medium is a pastiche of the elements of his primary concern, a concern which can be and often is treated as effectively in some other genre: i.e., theatre, film, radio, television. To the Class II novelist, on the other hand, language itself is the medium, and his "books, made out of words as much as characters and incidents, lose a great deal when adapted to a visual medium." Besides Joyce, the works of such writers as Lewis Carroll, Ezra Pound, Boris Vian, and some e.e. cummings would fall in Class II. There is no reason Burgess's distinction should be confined solely to novelists -- nor solely to the verbal arts. In all cases it would seem the difference comes down to Class I (concerned with "communication") and Class II (concerned with the medium).

This difference between the popular and the self-contained becomes extremely important when examining the small press phenomenon. Until very recently, the distinctions Burgess makes applied to a very small segment of our society (or any society), one easily defined by moral, religious, social, and political opinions -- as well as economic situation. It takes only a cursory glance at English and American literature as it is taught in our schools to support this claim, and to arrive at a number of related conclusions: 1 -- The critical approach to art is elitist, predicated upon the assumption that the aesthetics learned through a fraternal system by a professionally "enlightened" and "educated" few can be dictated to the burdensome and tastelessly unintelligent masses; 2 -- What is acceptable enough to be taught as literature will not -- as William Dean Howell once put it -- "offend a sixteen-year-old lady's ear," and has traditionally (if anything 50 to 100 years old can be called a tradition) been inextricably enmeshed with the respectability of the caste from which it sprang; 3 -- It wasn't until the late 19th and 20th Centuries that writers were finally able (or allowed) to emerge from the less than leisured classes; 4 -- In general, if you or I had been born into the same family as little as 50 years earlier, we would be lucky to be able to **read** this paper, much less entertain thoughts of **writing** for it; and, finally -- 5 -- it is virtually impossible to say for certain what art is anymore.

It is interesting to note what Charles Bukowski has to say about the small presses. Bukowski has some thirty-odd books behind him, books of poetry fiction, and prose. The most familiar (if not totally respectable) places in which his stories have appeared include: **Adam Reader, Pix,** and **Evergreen Review.** He even edited a little mag in 1970-71 called **Laugh Literary and Man the Humping Guns.** In short, Bukowski's steady market (a market which seldom pays) has been the little presses. In an article written for **Small Press Review** ("Upon the Mathematics of the Breath and The Way," vol. IV, no. 4), Bukowski wrote: "Little magazines are useless perpetrators of useless talent." And further: "A vast grinding lonely hearts club of no-talents, that's what the littles have evolved to, with the editors a worse breed than the writers."

If this seems like biting the hand, forgetting how much is owed, etc., one has only to realize that Bukowski, in his fifties, is only now beginning to receive the recognition he deserved 20 years ago. His statements arise as much from his distaste for the whole lousy world as they do from his intolerance for bad writing. For many very average people, being a poet-in-the-schools or having published hundreds of uninspired, worthless paeons of horse exhaust in hundreds of horse exhaust mags, is the equivalent of stepping to the front of the class. Many a mediocre English teacher has suddenly found himself or herself surrounded by a ring of hungry groupies by simply obtaining bureaucratic sanction. It makes life so much easier -- being something no one else is sure how to define.

*****

But enough of an introduction. The following interview with Patricia and Charles Henley -- editors of Peaceweed Press (926 Oakland Avenue, Rock Hill, S.C. 29730) is meant to give some insight into one of the better small presses around. Both editors are writers themselves. Patsy has published a chapbook of poems entitled **Lovewords,** and recent poems have appeared in **New Salt Creek Reader, Three Rivers Poetry Journal, Four Quarters, Southern Poetry Review, Happiness Holding Tank,** and others. She has an M.A. in Creative Writing from Johns Hopkins University. Charles' stories have appeared in the **South Carolina Review** and **The Mississippi Review.** He recently had a story accepted by **Phoenix,** the reincarnation of James Cooney's mag (he's still editing) which originally introduced the work of Henry Miller into the United States.

The Henleys live in a large house in Rock Hill with their son Charlie, Patsy's brother George, sculptor/actor/poet Tommy Scott Young, a cat, a couple of dogs (which they try to keep from killing squirrels), and whoever else happens to be staying at the time. Having spent the last three years in South Carolina, the Henleys feel it's time to move on and will be doing just that -- to Washington state -- in the middle of May. They intend to continue Peaceweed on the west coast and are now planning the publication of a 100-page illustrated novel based on the life of Manson Jolly, a lunatic renegade who went around killing Union soldiers in a beautifully indiscriminate fashion during Reconstruc-

(Continued on page 4)

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"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
—*press critic A.J. Liebling*

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national topics

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

'Burns-ed' out economy

Do you hear the pitter-patter of rebate checks falling gently across the parched land? It's like a steady rain -- one of the most massive cash transfusions in history -- voted by Congress to combat recession and now just beginning. The tax rebate checks will amount to $8.1 billion this year. Simultaneously, starting May 1, less tax money is being withheld in weekly wages and salaries -- another consumer benefit of $10.5 billion in 1975. Also, $50 increases go to each of the nation's 34 million social security beneficiaries, equalling $1.7 billion in increased purchasing power.

Maybe with Vietnam phasing out we can turn back to another favorite worry, the economic crisis. The gravest economic emergency in the postwar era seems to have just missed turning into a full-scale depression. From that point of view the news is good. Inflation is down; but unemployment is up.

Nobody quite knows what the new stimulus of purchasing power voted by Congress, with grudging approval of the administration, will do. Tax rebates of $100 to $200 are going out this month, plus $50 or so for recipients of social security and other federal income support programs. The money will trickle into shops and stores and savings accounts. The rivulets may start the mill turning again -- just in the nick of time. It will also send the federal deficit up prodigiously. No doubt about it, America is taking a risk. But practically every moderate or liberal economist in the country thinks the risk is necessary. They look anxiously at the Federal Reserve System. The quasi-independent board, and particularly its strong-willed septuagenarian chairman Arthur Burns, have theoretical power to neutralize the stimulative effect of rebate checks and reduced withholding on wages and salaries that began May 1. They can continue a tight money policy (i.e., making credit expensive).

Let's look at the overall situation.

The inflationary boom got underway in the mid-60's when Lyndon Johnson tried to fool the public into believing that Vietnam wouldn't cost much. Chairman Gardner Ackley of the Council of Economic Advisers and the other members implored him to raise taxes to pay for the war and to stop inflation. He delayed, and so did Congress, and the inflationary brushfire gathered speed. Later on, a series of conservative economic advisers of Nixon and Ford temporized. Right down to Mr. Ford's "summit" economic conference last September the administration couldn't see that the rising inflation was finally collapsing into a recession, and the President went through his nonsense of WIN buttons and proposed tax increases. It seems incredible now -- as strange as some of the misapprehensions of White House advisers on the Vietnam War!

The Federal Reserve System can turn credit on or off like a faucet and thereby stimulate or contract a business boom; in the early '70s it grossly misjudged the situation, turning credit on and giving President Nixon a fine send-off for his reelection. Then, as inflation roared, it cut back credit savagely in 1974 even when outside economists warned that the boom was running down anyway and would almost certainly end in a bust. A writer in **The Wall Street Journal** last week referred to "the Federal Reserve's heavy-handed tight-money policy of 1974 that sought to stop the frightening price spiral at all costs." Economists Paul A. Samuelson of MIT and James Tobin of Yale put it simply: this is a "Burns recession."

Burns, of course, has a point: you don't fool around with a double-digit inflation -- the worst in modern times. But the weight of economic opinion is that he handled the matter too drastically, almost violently; there is a staff revolt within the Fed, and Congress is so upset that it has instituted supervisory machinery to bring him regularly before it for explanations for the first time in history, and it may curtail his power.

Meanwhile, how stands the economy? Much of the news is encouraging. America has apparently ducked a 1929-type depression that many thought was inevitable. The conventional wisdom is that the economy will be on its way up by the end of the year. Inflation is steadily dropping. The stock market has advanced 40 percent. It is true that business is operating at only about 70 percent capacity but, in the long run, the industrial giants may take comfort. A lot of little companies have gone under (the 100 largest companies already control 50 percent of all industrial assets). Once more business has purged itself of "wastes" by a seemingly inevitable periodic recession and put labor in its place. (There won't be much nonsense about wage hikes with nine percent unemployment!)

Here are some of the costs. The rule of thumb is that for each additional point of unemployment U.S. output drops $50 billion (GNP). If five percent unemployment is "normal," then the present nine percent equals $200 billion in lost product -- schools, homes, health care, whatnot. There is a corresponding $14 billion loss per point in federal tax revenues, plus two billion dollars for increased federal unemployment insurance. No wonder the federal deficit is big; it is compounded of lost tax revenues and higher unemployment costs. The quickest route to a balanced budget is through restored employment. Six million Americans last week drew unemployment insurance. The New Deal put that pillow under the economy. If it weren't there we would have panic and riots.

Even so, it is the laborer, the hard-hat, the working man, who has suffered most from recession; he is carrying the principal burden for righting the economy. Monthly statistics from President Ford's Council of Economic Advisers show that the average weekly earnings of an industrial worker in February (1967 dollars) was $114.38. In 1966 his earnings were $115.58. He is, in effect, earning less than nine years ago.

The middle class has its special bitterness, too. For example the company that employs Tom Smith gave him an eight percent raise to ease the inflation bite, which put him into a higher tax bracket! His purchasing power went down as his tax went up. An eight percent increase in personal income for the nation last year produced a 15 percent tax increase from individuals. It's the first recession in history where this happened. Tax payments last year rose faster than any other item in the family budget.

JACK ANDERSON
AND THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Indochina VIPs flee in style

WASHINGTON - When the United States finally pulled out of Phnom Penh and later Saigon, hundreds of thousands of Cambodians and South Vietnamese who wanted to escape were left behind.

Exit visas were selling for a premium on the Saigon black market. Only the fortunate were able to get out.

But the leaders who were responsible for the debacle were able to flee in style.

Deposed Cambodian President Lon Nol, for example, was flown to Hawaii in a special U.S. jet. The State Department laid out the red carpet. The Air Force put him up in plush quarters at Hickham Field. A special team has been assigned to help him settle in Hawaii.

As far as we can determine, the U.S. government refused only one major request by Lon Nol. He wanted status as an accredited diplomat, which carries with it certain privileges. But the State Department turned him down on the grounds that it would be illegal.

Diplomatic sources estimate that Lon Nol brought out about $1 million to help him adjust to life in exile. They also have reason to believe that he has several more millions stashed away in secret bank accounts.

He has started out his new life, meanwhile, by purchasing a $103,000 house in a fashionable Honolulu subdivision.

There is less information available on the brooding, secretive Nguyen Van Thieu, who resigned under fire as President of South Vietnam and fled to Taiwan. But there were reports, still unconfirmed, that he was trying to smuggle gold bullion out of Saigon.

Gas Crunch: The Federal Energy Administration has concluded from its secret studies that the United States is headed for another gasoline crisis.

The reason for the world oil surplus today, ironically, is that the Western economies are weak. The recession has caused the United States, Western Europe and Japan to hold down their oil consumption. The warm weather has also helped these nations to save oil.

But the FEA studies indicate that their economies are picking up. As times get better, the industrial nations will require more fuel. And next winter, of course, could be cold.

During the past three months, Americans have already increased their gasoline consumption four per cent. They are returning to their former wasteful habits.

At the same time, new estimates warn that the United States has far less oil and gas reserves than the figures the government has been counting upon.

Price Discrimination: The average American family pays higher utility rates than those charged to the biggest industries.

This price discrimination is called "declining block rate pricing." Simply put, it means that the more energy you use, the less you get charged for it.

Big energy users, therefore, pay lower rates. A study in San Francisco showed that the poor in the inner city shelled out more than three cents an hour for electricity. Yet the affluent users, who could afford higher rates, paid only two cents an hour.

This practice is more than unfair -- it's wasteful. It encourages big companies to use more electricity than they need. That way, their rates will be lower.

But it will take an act of Congress to compel the utilities to change their rate structure.

Trouble in Korea?: North Korea's bespectacled, rotund dictator Kim Il-Sung

(Continued on page 3)

Jack Anderson

(Continued from page 2)

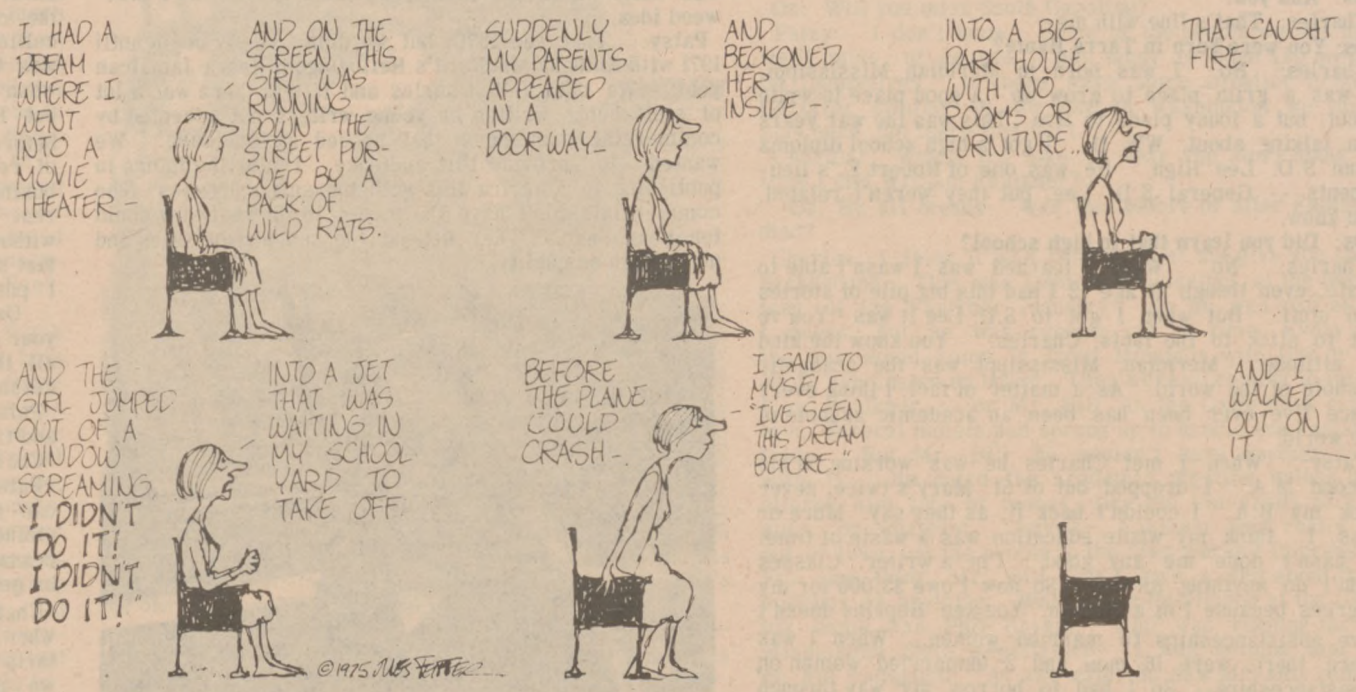
recently visited Peking, according to intelligence reports, to seek support for a revival of the Korean War. The reports claim that Kim wants to take advantage of the Communist momentum in Southeast Asia. He reportedly believes the time is ripe for him to make his move against South Korea while the United States is preoccupied with Cambodia and Vietnam. But the secret intelligence reports say that the Chinese have cautioned Kim not to risk war in the North.

Famous Drivers: Employees at the auto license renewal office in the Washington suburb of Arlington, Va., had a busy week of celebrity-watching recently. First Mrs. Alexander Haig, wife of the NATO commander, showed up with a security escort. Then Chief Justice Warren Burger came in, took his place in line, and quietly waited his turn. Finally, there came a request for a special appointment for Defense Secretary James Schlesinger. The license renewal office opened early the next morning to accommodate Schlesinger, but he showed up 35 minutes late.

Unwelcome Envoy: President Ford is apparently taking pains to avoid overt support of Philippines dictator Ferdinand Marcos. Mrs. Marcos, a strikingly beautiful woman who frequently acts as a good-will ambassador, has been trying to gain an audience with the President for months but has been turned down consistently. The most recent refusal, say our sources, came in April, when Mrs. Marcos made an unpublicized visit to New York.

Congressional Confusion: The youngest member of Congress, 26-year-old Tom Downey of New York, and an elder colleague, 56-year-old Tom Downing of Virginia, have been getting each other's mail and phone calls. The elder lawmaker finally took the problem to the House floor the other day after discovering he had been erroneously listed as a co-sponsor of a piece of legislation. Downing complained good-naturedly he was being "confused with a handsome new member who is still in his twenties."

Feiffer


I HAD A DREAM WHERE I WENT INTO A MOVIE THEATER -
AND ON THE SCREEN THIS GIRL WAS RUNNING DOWN THE STREET PURSUED BY A PACK OF WILD RATS.
AND THE GIRL JUMPED OUT OF A WINDOW SCREAMING, "I DIDN'T DO IT! I DIDN'T DO IT!"
INTO A JET THAT WAS WAITING IN MY SCHOOL YARD TO TAKE OFF!
©1975 JULES FEIFFER
SUDDENLY MY PARENTS APPEARED IN A DOORWAY -
AND BECKONED HER INSIDE -
BEFORE THE PLANE COULD CRASH -
I SAID TO MYSELF. "I'VE SEEN THIS DREAM BEFORE."
INTO A BIG, DARK HOUSE WITH NO ROOMS OR FURNITURE.
THAT CAUGHT FIRE.
AND I WALKED OUT ON IT.

Midlands Community Action Agency

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MCAA Applies For ESAA Grant

Midlands Community Action Agency, Inc. is submitting an application under the Emergency School Aid Act, Public Law 92-318, Section 708 (a). The Program is designed to complement activities of the LEA of Richland County School District No. 1 in its desegregation efforts by establishing and improving coordination between students and parents in the following schools: Brockman mel-ementary, Lyon Street Elementary, Watkins Elementary, Virginia Pack Elementary, Carver Elementary and Crayton Elementary Schools; Crayton Middle School and A.C. Flora High School.

The ESSA Program will be governed by an Advisory Committee whose functions will be to plan and assist in implementing and evaluating the program.

THE ADULT MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTE ARE: Ann Sprott, LEA Representative, Clarence Smith, James Luck, Ida Bonaparte, Kenneth Kennerly, Ruby Jones, Bill Carson, Mrs. Randolph Johnson, Mrs. R.H. Philp and Mrs. Frances Goldberg.

THE STUDENT MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE ARE: Rebecca Livingston, Scott Huguley, Mitchell Blanshaw from Crayton Middle School; and Reggie Bell, Melissa Goodwin, Delois Holloway, Gwen Frazier, Chris Younts, Gail Boggott, Mary Beth Morris from A.C. Flora High School.

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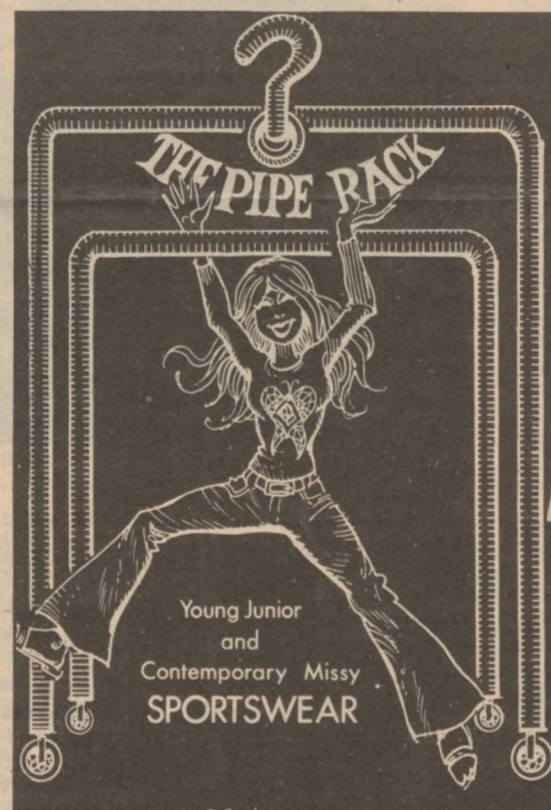

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The small press in South Carolina

(Continued from page one)
tion in the Anderson/Abbeville area.

Os: Where do you want to start?

Patsy: I don't know. Do you want me to tell you where I'm from? I was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, some time ago. I grew up. I went to St. Mary's in Maryland. That's where I met Charles.

Os: And you?

Charles: That's fine with me.

Os: You were born in Terre Haute?

Charles: No. I was born in Meridian, Mississippi. It was a grim place to grow up. A good place to write about, but a lousy place to live. This was the war years I'm talking about, WW II. I got a high school diploma from S.D. Lee High. He was one of Robert E.'s lieutenents -- General S.D. Lee, but they weren't related, you know.

Os: Did you learn that in high school?

Charles: No. What I learned was I wasn't able to write, even though at age 12 I had this big pile of stories and stuff. But when I got to S.D. Lee it was "You've got to stick to the **facts**, Charles." You know the kind of attitude. Meridian, Mississippi was the academic asshole of the world. As a matter of fact, I think every place I've ever been has been an academic asshole of the world.

Patsy: When I met Charles he was working on his second M.A. I dropped out of St. Mary's twice, never took my B.A. I couldn't hack it, as they say. More or less, I think my whole education was a waste of time. It hasn't done me any good. I'm a writer. Classes didn't do anything for me. So now I owe $3,000 for my degrees because I'm a woman. You see, Hopkins doesn't give assistanceships to married women. When I was there there were 16 men and 2 unmarried women on assistanceships. So I had to borrow my way through the M.A. -- and what have I got to show for it? I'm a poet-in-residence for the South Carolina Arts Commission. I'm an English teacher without any of the normal protection plus all the normal responsibility -- and then some.

Os: How did you get started with the South Carolina Arts Commission? Why? When?

Patsy: You sound like an adverb test. I got involved with the Arts Commission because I welcomed the opportunity to work as a poet as opposed to a teacher. I like kids. I'm interested in education. I figured it would be fun working with the kids with poetry. There was this potter in Charleston, maybe you know him, John Kosko. At any rate, he had read **Lovewords** and showed it to Dale Bailes and Dale turned me on to the Commission. Or vice versa. I don't remember exactly. That was in the fall of '72. I had a few run-ins, you know, the usual thing. You have to be so careful what you say, to whom you say things. People get upset about just about anything. It wasn't too bad the first two years, but this year it's gotten to be ridiculous.

Os: How so?

Patsy: I don't want to talk about it. It's all so damned boring and tiresome. I'm just glad this year is going to be over soon.

Charles: Want a beer?

Patsy: You know, it's like public education has gotten out of touch with everything. I feel like my education goes on every day, day in and day out. I'm really behind my little brother. He just dropped out of high school because he wasn't learning anything. So now he's here with us, learning the guitar, helping with the press. I think it's fantastic. I mean, school, the way it's set up today, it gives no preparation for the future. It's full of misinformation, archaic beliefs passed off as irrefutable fact, memorization substituted for thinking. You've got to have the fear of God in you or you just can't knuckle under to the public school system. You become a problem child. It's really their problem, not yours. Kids should be taught to love and how to deal with change, how to adapt to an ever changing world. Twenty-five years from now, it's going to be totally different from today. If you can't change with it and grow with it, it's going to drive you crazy, or kill you, or make you into one of the people who end up making kids drop out of school.

Os: I want to ask you some questions about Peaceweed. You know, the adverb questions again.

Patsy: Well, we conceived of Peacewood in Mexico in 1970.

Charles: Maybe we should tell him a little background. Before I met Patsy I had taught at Walker College in Jasper, Alabama, for a year, at Eastern Kentucky State University for two years, and at St. Mary's in Maryland for an awful long time. I was there for seven years. It was a horrible place. The president of the university was this old lady with about as much sense as a bowl of stewed okra. She went around making libelous statements about anyone she didn't approve of whenever she got a hair up her ass. I even had to initiate suit against her one time, but anyway, Patsy and I met while we were there. She was one of my students. So aside from all the ugly shit that happened in Maryland was one day we got the idea to go to Mexico.

Patsy: It was this really spur of the moment thing.

Charles: I had applied to Hopkins for the writing seminars. When the acceptance came through, we just sat down and talked about it, going to Mexico I mean. The next thing I knew I was handing in my resignation at St. Mary's, and we took off for six months. And it was while we were in Mexico we came up with the Peaceweed idea.

Patsy: That was 1970, but we didn't really begin until 1971 with Anthony MacNeill's **Hello Ungod.** He's a Jamaican poet. We both felt, Charles and I, that there was a lot of stuff being written by young writers not accepted by commercial publishers that needed an audience. We wanted to provide that audience. I think the future in publishing in America lies with the small presses. The commercials don't have the money to do what they could ten years ago. They depend too much upon sales and not enough on quality.

Patsy Henley

Charles: It's especially true in poetry and short stories. Myself, I think the short story is a much more difficult art form to work in than the novel. But, in general, a short story writer can't get a collection of stories published until he's put out two or three novels -- and they have to be best-sellers, usually. So we're trying to branch out into fiction as well as poetry. We've got a book in the works now by Al Drake.

Patsy: It's called **The Hem of Harvest.** It's got four and I think two of them have broken even. The MacNeill Al's poems called **Cheap Thrills.** But it is not just the big presses that shy away from short stories. Very few small presses print them either, I mean as collections. But we've got this book coming out, and we're hoping to get more submissions for future books. We're looking for strong, interesting manuscripts.

Charles: You don't make much money at this kind of thing you know. We've been operating the press out of our own pockets. So far we've got ten books out, and I think two of them have broken even. The MacNeill book and one by Felton Eaddy called **If I Hold My Tongue.**

Os: When did you come to South Carolina?

Patsy: We've been here three years.

Charles: I got a job teaching at Claflin University in Orangeburg. That's when Patsy first started as a poet-in-the-schools.

Patsy: I started writing in high school and got serious about it in college. I learned to read at four or so, and I have a lot of pleasant memories about my grandmother taking me to the library when I was a kid. I don't know exactly when I first thought it, but the thought was something like this: "This is what I want to do." Some kids wanted to be firemen, some insurance salesmen. Well, I wanted to be a writer. While I was in high school I started writing porno stories about girls being seduced in the back of Greyhound buses and the like. But it wasn't until my freshman year at St. Mary's, I read "Remember," a love poem by Anne Sexton, and I said to myself: "Now, I can do that. I can do that, too." So I started imitating her. That's the way most writers start. By imitating. I still admire her work, even though she's stopped being a professed influence on mine. I've got my own thing going now.

Os: What about you, Charles?

Charles: I think I told you that I was writing by the time I was 12. Most of my stories come out of my Mississippi background. When I was a kid, I used to read all these stories by Jack London, Mark Twain, and there was Albert Payson Terhune. He wrote this novel about a pre-WW I aristocractic society that worshipped the collie dog. A very racist concept, you know. The collie is the best because it's been bred that way. It was the kind of stuff I saw every day as a kid, only it wasn't collie dogs. I've got a story I want to tell you, but I've got something else to say about Peaceweed before I forget. A lot of putting out the books, of reading the manuscripts, and conducting the press's business is pure ego-tripping, you know. It's a low rent way of cashing in on somebody else's creativity without subjecting yourself to the same process. Maybe that's not the best way to say it, but the same energy I put into Peaceweed should go into my own writing.

Os: But if you carry that far enough, though, all of your energy should go into your writing. Alan Dugan's got all these poems about work, and how distractingly necessary it is.

Patsy: My theory is life is large, and you have room and time enough to do everything.

Charles: A real Renaissance woman, we have here.

Patsy: But it's true. I can work in the schools. I can meditate. I can write poetry. I can cook and make clothes. I can ride a bike. I don't ever feel it's necessary to say: "Oh. I **must** do this because I have to get it done." If I have to get it done, I'll get it done.

Charles: One of the reasons we kept Peaceweed going when we came to South Carolina was to maintain contacts with people we knew because we felt that when we moved to South Carolina we'd be pretty much isolated. So we felt kind of obliged to stick with Peaceweed to give commerce to other writers. South Carolina isn't one of the more bustling centers of cultural activity in the United States.

Patsy: Why, how true that is, darling. You're always so right.

Charles: That's kind of you, my dear.

Os: How does it feel being married to a liberated woman, Charles?

Charles: Hell, the only way to talk about it, I guess, is to contrast it to one of my earlier marriages. She was completely unliberated, a parody, a grotesque parody of the dependent woman. When women are dependent upon you, they control you. There's no freedom whatsoever. Whereas I could depend on the other woman's loyalty...

Patsy: That's not a very nice thing to say.

Charles: But it's true. Her kind of "loyalty" was a club. She was about as dependable as a doorstop. In the present relationship, though, we, I enjoy a good deal of freedom. Both of us do. We're together because we want to be together. We're independent. Therefore, we aren't crippling each other.

Patsy: Can I say something?

Os: Of course.

Patsy: I sort of object to your label of "liberated woman." I used to be a very gung-ho feminist. I read female writers. I wrote female poems. But recently, I don't know, I'm starting to feel the effect of Neruda, Lorca. And Bly. I went to a reading of his recently and it was almost a religious experience to me. But what I'm trying to say is along with starting to appreciate male writers for what they're doing, I've come to the point where it doesn't make any difference -- male or female. I've moved beyond that. I don't have to be a feminist anymore. I am liberated. So I don't have to be chained to shouting it out on street corners and such. I don't have to say: "Well. **I'm** a woman and I see things differently from you." I'm a human being. All human beings see things differently from one another. You have to have some group identity for a while, sure, but eventually you've got to pass beyond it to a place where you have compassion for all people, for all human beings regardless of race, creed, sex -- see the **Bill of Rights.** It's all in there, though no one lives by it.

Os: You were going to tell me a story.

Charles: Let me get us another beer first. I took my B.A. from the University of Mississippi at enormous effort against my better judgement. I was really into amphetamines back then. This was the mid-fifties, before the drug scene really became so "with it" and all. They called me Dex Henley. Catchy, huh? At any rate, I had no idea what I was going to do. My father was in business, and I guess I had thought some of working for him, but right about then he went bankrupt. There was a student opening in the graduate school at the University of Mississippi the same week, and they offered me some money. So I went back to school for my M.A. I never really got the M.A. there. I got all these hours, wrote a thesis and just kind of wandered off. The thesis was called **John Milton's Use of Teutonic and Classical Mythology.** Well, anyway, the University of Mississippi, like most southern schools, suffered from

a massive inferiority complex. The level of education in the South has always been so low. That's why the big sports programs appear almost exclusively in the South. You've got to have **something** to get recognition, you know.

So there I was in graduate school. It was pretty much a boring, relentlessly boring, time. Except for this one incident. One night, my roommate and I were out with this girl. Her name was Mary. We were coming back to our apartment and when we opened the door there was this guy sitting in the living room with a towel on his lap. He was trying to cut his hand off. He had this serrated paring knife -- I guess you'd call it a grapefruit knife -- and he was sitting there trying to cut his hand off. This guy's name was Gimp Hand. The story was he came to the University as this brilliant chemistry student. What his brilliance managed to do was blow up some chemicals one day, and he just about lost his hand in the process. The doctors managed to save the hand, out it was badly scarred and all crunched up and hideous. So he adopted the name Gimp Hand. Everyone called him that.

At any rate, he developed this kind of sadistic fetish that whenever he dated a girl he forced her to hold the mutilated hand. The girl my roommate was dating was one of the girls he had done this to. So this was his idea of getting even, sitting in the middle of the living room with a paring knife, saying: "Help me cut my hand off." So there we were, Mary throwing up, Bob -- a real bleeding heart liberal, my roommate, the only sociology major at the U of M -- so concerned and everything. And there was me. I had almost no emotions at all. It was if the minute I saw old Gimp Hand, I had said to myself: "Now here's a story. I'm going to write a story about this." So I wanted everything to run its course. I wanted to see everything that was going to happen. It became a power struggle between me and Gimp Hand. It went on all night long. He'd say: "Help me cut my hand off," and I'd say: "Come on, Gimp, you can do it. You can do it."

This was in the middle of exams, you know. I had a Restoration final the next morning, and every now and then, I'd tell myself: "I really should get some studying done." Finally, on an intellectual level, I convinced myself if I felt anything for this guy at all, I should have helped him cut his lousy hand off. But I didn't. The next morning, Bob and I were carrying Gimp Hand back to the university. All he had managed to do was grind up his wrist and forearm and make a mess with the blood. And while we were carrying him back we came across Chief Tatum. He was about 300 pounds, you know, ex-Mississippi sheriff. Gimp Hand pulled away from us and ran over to Chief Tatum's car and knocked on the window. The Chief rolled down his window and Gimp Hand shoved his hand under Chief Tatum's nose. Chief Tatum knocked him out cold.

But this incident has become very important to me, aesthetically speaking, this asking for help. It's like what I said earlier about women. When people ask for help they are really trying to manipulate the helper in the most perverse sense of the word. This idea has been the major concern in my stories thus far. There was the nun manipulating the priest in "Curds and Whey," in **The South Carolina Review.** In "The Samaritan," I have a character named Adam Foley who sees himself as a helper and is asked to do something perfectly heinous. One of these days, I'll be able to work it out the way it has to be worked out.

Charles Henley poses a la Ralph Ginsburg with his press. Brother-in-law George and son Charlie --he's the one without the moustache -- help out.

Os: Let's get back to Peaceweed for a second. How do you distribute your books:

Patsy: We take out ads in small magazines. But we're pretty dependent upon the poet for sales, though. We like to work hand in hand. The poets take their books to readings, etc. We try to get them to libraries and other markets.

Charles: It pretty much depends on the poet. If he's a hustler, we'll see a lot of books sold. But if he isn't we don't really push him.

Os: What are your plans for the future?

Patsy: Well, like we said, we've got ten books published now. We've got three more in the works. Three of the poets we published won NEA (National Endowment for Arts) grants last year. This year we had a grant from the South Carolina Arts Commission which enabled us to put out four books. And we were recently awarded a National Endowment grant for Small Presses which will let us bring out five books next year.

Charles: As we said, we're expanding into fiction, too. But it'll be on the West Coast.

Patsy: This June we're moving to Washington to a homesteading community. Near Spokane. We'll be growing our own food, painting, writing, and so on. Our stay in South Carolina has been a fairly good one. I don't know if you want to say this, but we've established a credit rating, stopped taking drugs, and I've started working professionally. We've grown a lot -- emotionally and spiritually. But it's time to move on.

Charles: You have such a way with words, dear.

Patsy: Oh, Charles, you always say the right thing.

Os: Will you miss South Carolina?

Patsy: I don't know. Some of the people we met here we'll miss, of course. But many of them are moving on themselves. If there were some situation in South Carolina similar to the one in Washington we might stay here, but there just isn't.

Charles: Would you like to hear the story about the time I met William Faulkner?

Os: By all means. Was this before or after Faulkner died?

Charles: I think it was before. Let me give you some background. This was Oxford, Mississippi, at the beginning of the Faulkner industry. So he was still alive, I guess, but he was running out of time. Every day the bus would come in from Memphis with five or six Ph.D. candidates on board. They were all coming to interview Faulkner -- or Mr. Bill, as the Oxfordians called him. Several motels had sprung up to handle the Faulkner trade. But Mr. Bill, he wouldn't have anything to do with it. He hated the academic pigsties unless they offered him lots of money, like the University of Virginia, or whatever. Anyway, Faulkner was really big out of town, but the people in the town weren't impressed. For one thing, Mr. Bill didn't give a shit about their customs or anything. Well, I had this friend at the time, his name was Phil Bryant. Phil was running for the Mississippi State Legislature. I was helping him out on his campaign. At any rate, he saw Mr. Bill coming up the road in his jeep. Phil and Mr. Bill were just about neighbors, you see. So Phil pulled his car sideways and blocked the road. Mr. Bill pulled up, and Phil said: "Mr. Bill, I'm running for the Mississippi Legislature, and I sure would appreciate your help." Mr. Bill looked at him and said: "Well, Phil, I don't think you'll be any worse than those bastards already down in Jackson. I'll vote for you."

"Well, I thank you, Mr. Bill. I thank you. And this here is my friend Charles Henley. He's an English major over at the University. He wants to write stories just like yours," said Phil.

Now here I was, just a kid really, and Mr. Bill listens to what Phil is saying and kind of stares at me, almost but not quite shaking his head. Then he says: "How are you son?"

"Fine," I said.

And Mr. Bill just drove off. I never saw him again.

*****

NOTE: Peaceweed Press books can be ordered directly from the publisher at 926 Oakland Avenue, Rock Hill, S.C.

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Theatre

'The Crucible' is hampered by its message

Arthur Miller's **The Crucible** (1953) is a thesis play, that is, a work designed primarily to get across a particular point of view. Like any thesis, Miller's work is a rational reaction to particular events at particular moments and therein lies some of its present-day inability to provoke, startle, or prick an argument.

In 1692, the good citizens of Salen, Mass., prosecuted and executed several of their neighbors for practicing witchcraft. Over 250 years later, Sen. Joseph McCarthy denounced a proliferating number of "subversives" living and breathing in our very own country. It was during the divisiveness of the McCarthy reign of terror that **The Crucible** first appeared.

In 1953, no doubt, Miller's play was pretty hot stuff. Artistic circles within the entertainment industry had suffered greatly through the union, studio, and guild purges and blacklists of those days. Appearing at such a moment, **The Crucible** must have seemed like a beacon of truth shining in the wilderness, for Broadway, too, had been McCarthyized into pap. The play arose to meet a need and served that need nicely.

Today, after Watergate, CIA revelations, and Kennedy assassination theories, some people would perhaps suggest that the play raises some questions about today's society, and, to an extent, a similarity between **The Crucible** and some of today's daily paranoias does exist even though the last witch we persecuted was actually guilty. The work's sensibility and its own internal problems, though, give **The Crucible** the aura of historical artifact or **fait accompli** rather than that of a vibrant, living drama of emotion and action. In short, the play is theatrically dated.

Miller has chosen a dictatorial, heavy-handed, one-sided method for presenting his supposedly non-partisan, libertarian concerns, building his conflicts from a black-or-white, us-or-them mentality more suited for suspenseful melodrama than the lofty tragedy for which he strives. Only setting, costumes, and literacy of emotion and dialogue distinguish Miller's heroes, heroines, and villains from Dudley Do-Right, Little Nell, and Snidely Whiplash.

Once he has introduced his thesis, Miller has only to manipulate events and characters to reach his philosophical end. Language, then, becomes his primary tool and that, in turn, raises other questions about the play's dramatic qualities. The conflict arises from words -- the chargs of witchcraft -- and ends in words -- the pronouncement of guilty -- and is visually dramatic only because the entire collection of words incidentally tells a story.

Miller does dress his thesis up fancifully. Though he rarely reaches poetry, his puritanical prose builds its own rhythms, and the actors, working within the confines of language, have ample opportunity to develop incisive performances. As a dramatic action, though, **The Crucible** suffers from verbosity and immobility, for Miller's theatrics cannot always overcome his literacy.

Caught dancing in the woods, Abigail Williams, Mary Warren and other maidens of Salem charge the slave Tituba with casting spells on them. Slowly the accusations begin until the girls unleash a chorus of names, accusing all of witchery. Miller concentrates on John Proctor, a kind of Everyman, who gets drawn into this madness when Abigail, who had been fired from Proctor's employ because of their adultery, charges his wife Elizabeth with making voodoo dolls. On and on the charges grow with words generating more words. Miller contrives his plot as necessity demands; in Act II, for instance, Elizabeth Proctor lies for the first time in her life.

Considering the obstacles they are up against, the Workshop Theater actors represent themselves well. Some of the minor characters never take on personalities, but they serve only as the playwright's functionaries anyway. The major characters, on the other hand, are shrewdly and sharply realized. Rob Bigalke as a hypocritical preacher, Bob Bock as a curious husband, and Hal Buckley as the exorcist Rev. Hale perform with integrity and skill throughout. Dee Johnson gives the production one of its best visual moments with her mock confession. Milena Herring's cool and subtle blend of sweetness and sensuality makes of her Abigail a most interesting and deadly young woman, and Anne Burnett is properly demure as the repentant Mary Warren. Bob Hungerford and Malie Bruton as John and Elizabeth Proctor perform two difficult roles with great intensity and sinserity. Their scenes together contain some of the best natural acting seen in town in a long while, for they alone rise above the confines of the physical stage to present the naturalness of life.

Director Jennifer Atkinson has wisely assembled her large cast and coaxed her actors into individual successes. The director keeps the words flowing at an agreeable rate and has great control and imagination with the more visual, active moments -- Tituba's confession, Elizabeth's arrest, and the "attack" on Abigail in the courtroom.

Technically, the production does not fare as well. Charles Inglett's setting and lighting designs are serviceable and ease the transitions from scene to scene, but the bare-walled, no-ceilinged set allows the eye too much room to wander. Its classical barrenness suggests that the actions performed upon the stage should have some eternal significance, but the actions of the play have little significance in and of themselves, for they arise from the words and are dependent upon them.

Had Miller escaped his thesis, **The Crucible** might well be a great play. By trying to demonstrate a rational "truth," however, Miller disregards the special magic of theatre and the power of the visual images which live on the stage. **The Crucible** will frustrate and arouse emotion in the spectator with the story it tells, but Miller's thesis is so hard to argue against that his dramatic actions have only limited freedom.

Mike Smith

Campy 'Savage'

Doc Savage, Man of Bronze
At the Dutch Square North and Richland Mall I

Who is slower than a speeding bullet but more handsome than Underdog? That's right, super-hero worshippers, it's **Doc Savage, Man of Bronze**, the hyper-kinetic, sparkling-eyed protagonist of over 150 adventure-fantasy novels by Kenneth Robeson.

In his screen debut, Doc and his motley crew of assistants, the Fabulous Five, quickly become embroiled in an intrigue which takes them, eventually, past the farthest reaches of the civilized world into a society plagued by power-hungry generals. Though the film disavows any similarity between reality and artifice, the viewer can draw his own conclusions.

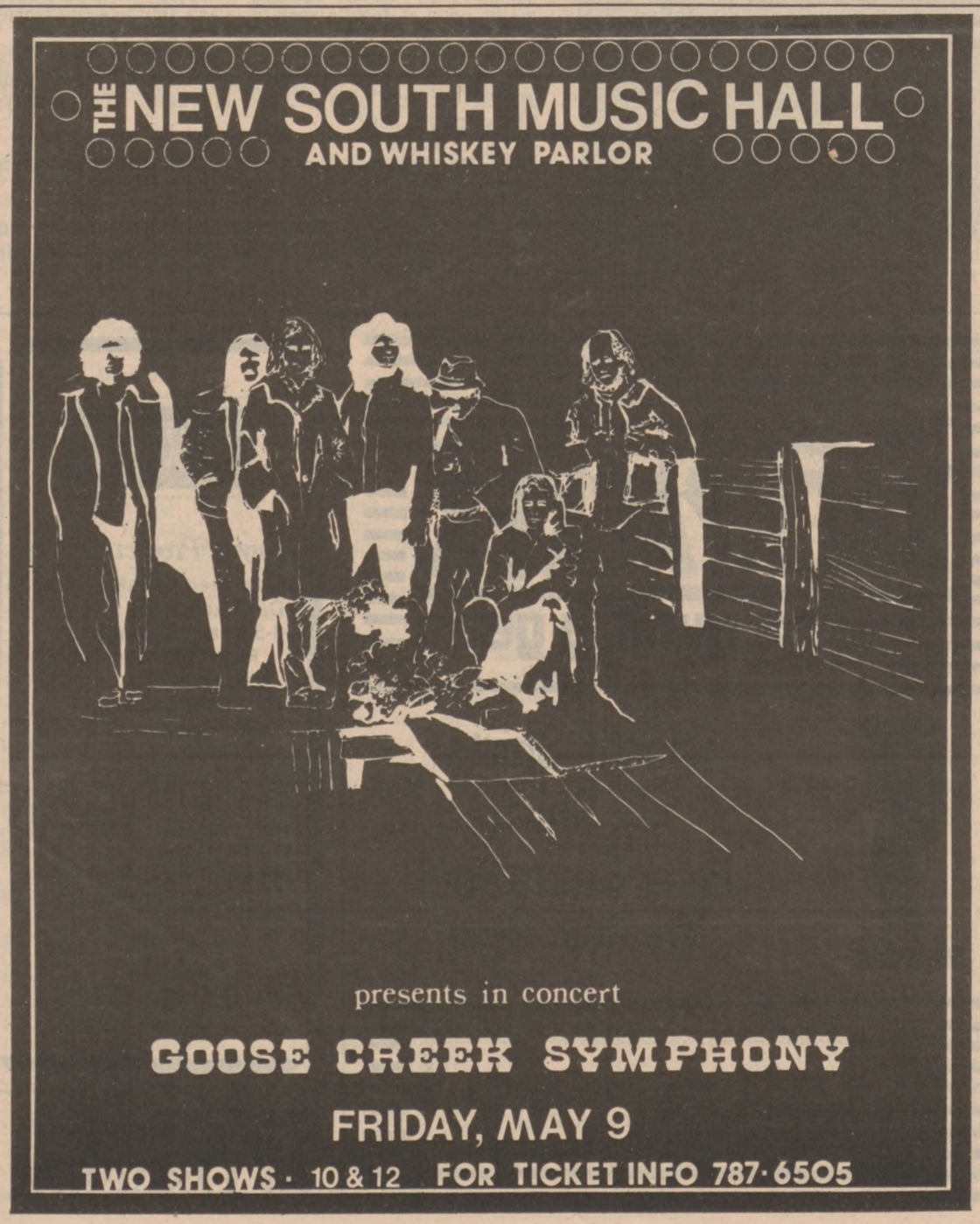
In the past, producer George Pal has dished up some of the better sci-fi and fantasy concoctions (**The Time Machine**, for example. **Doc Savage, Man of Bronze** is no flim-flam quickie, for Pal is a shrewd showman who has wisely invested his $3-million budget.

Director Michael Anderson, who usually works with Disney Studios, keeps events well paced and smoothly flowing across the screen. He presents his visual images as directly and objectively as possible, rarely stopping for any "editorial" comment on the action. Thus, he creates a low-key effect which transforms the melodramatics of plot into a series of absurd activities presented as detailed reality.

The actors, especially Ron Ely as Doc Savage, perform with alacrity and dexterity. They, too, strive for a literalness or matter-of-factness relying on parodies of melodramatic types, but adding enough individuality to suggest their differences within the framework of the film's reality.

After the excesses of **The Tower-Inferno** and **Earthquake, Doc Savage** offers a clean-cut, no-gimmicks approach to high adventure entertainment. Anderson's "crystal-clear" visuals, Ely's swashbuckling heroics, and Pal's love of fantasy have resulted in an occasionally beautiful, unpretentious little film which entertains on as many levels as the viewer wishes to receive it. At its best, it recaptures some of the comic naivete and freshness of Errol Flynn's adventure films, and that, as any filmgoer should know, is no small feat.

Mike Smith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EVENTS

(continued from page eight)

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Doc Savage" is getting plenty of play with two theatres in Columbia. 3, 5, 7, and 9. Rated G.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Rancho Deluxe." Another Western spoof, this time with Jeff Bridges, Sam Waterston, and Elizabeth Ashley. Three good actors but the vehicle sounds unpromising. R. 3:20, 5:20, 7:20 and 9:20.

clubs

THE SECOND LEVEL, 2011 Devine Street, 771-4794

Eddie Zomerfeld and his band on the 9th and 10th. Next week: John Driggs, Monday, the 12th; Buz Peele Tuesday; a special fifties style first anniversary party on Wednesday with "Ancient Greece"; Jim Lee and Connie on Thursday; "Mayson" on May 16 and 17. Charge is 50¢ on weeknights, $1 on the weekend.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

Eddie "Sweet Thang" Brown continues for another week. No cover.

JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

"Claude Rhea and Transformation" is the band for the 9th and 10th. "Archie Bell and the Growls" the following weekend. Call for charges.

THE NEW SOUTH MUSIC HALL AND WHISKEY PARLOR, 4614 Devine Street, 787-6505

"Goose Creek Symphony" sings this Friday, the 9th with a charge of $5 per couple.

THE POINT AFTER, 304 Greystone Blvd., 254-8101

"The Rubber Band" is scheduled for May 9 and 10. A charge of $3 for singles and $5 for couples which includes a membership fee.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Dr., 779-2575

"Mother's Finest" on the 9th and 10th. "Warm" is tentatively scheduled for the following week.

THE COPPER DOOR, 2703 Rosewood Dr., 771-9387

John Bailey sings on May 9 and 10. $2 charge with a $1 per year membership. "Phaedra and the White Witches" on Sunday, May 11.

specials

Elliott Erwitt, photographer and filmmaker, will be appearing at the Columbia Museum of Art Saturday night, May 10, at 8 p.m. as part of the Museum's continuing series of independent filmmakers and their work. Mr. Erwitt will show slides of many of his better known photographs as well as two of his films: "The Making of Little Big Man" and "Beauty Knows No Pain," the latter of which has been shown on CBS' "Sixty Minutes." The showing is open to the public without charge.

The Lexington County Young Democrats will be sponsoring a "Spring Picnic" on Saturday afternoon, May 10, beginning at 3 p.m. Charles D. Ravenel will be appearing from 4 to 5 and a band, Monark, will play from 4 to 7. Tickets are $3 for adults, ($5 per couple) $2 for students and may be obtained by calling 359-2512 or purchased at the picnic sight. -- the Ted O. McGee Recreation Area on Highway 1 (South) above Lexington.

art

The Columbia Museum of Art opens two new exhibits this week: a centenary tribute to American impressionist Frederick Frieseke gathered from museums in Savannah, North Carolina, New York, and Florida; and a festival exhibit in which painting, sculpture, and a wide range of crafts by students of the Richland County Art School will be presented. Both open on Sunday, May the 11th, and the Art School exhibit will close on the 18th.

"Lady Trying on a Hat" by Frederick Carl Frieske . (Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago)

theatre

The Crucible, Arthur Miller's allegorical dramatization of the Salem witch trials, will continue its run at Workshop Theatre through May 18. The curtain goes up at 8:30 p.m. nightly with a 3 p.m. matinee on Sunday. Tickets are $3.50 for adults, $2.50 for students. (Reviewed in this issue.)

music

Gladys Knight and the Pips sing at Carolina Coliseum on Saturday, May 10. Tickets are $7, $6 and $5 with a charge of $5 for the special breakfast after the performance.

The South Carolina Festival of Roses at Orangeburg is also this Saturday, May 10, and will feature a performance by country musician Jerry Reed and comic Jerry Clower at 8 p.m. Tickets are $7 each, and may be purchased from the Taylor Street Pharmacy or the Record Bar (Dutch Square) in Columbia.

television

Saturday, May 10

2:15 p.m. - Baseball. The Los Angeles Dodgers versus the Pittsburg Pirates. (Channel 10)

5 p.m. - Young People's Concert. Michael Tilson Thomas leads the New York Philharmonic in a program on the use of unusual percussion instruments in 20th Century music. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - Movie. Part I of "Nicholas and Alexandra." High class soap opera about the final days of the Russian Czars. With Michael Jayston and the remarkable Janet Suzman. Directed after "Patton" by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Channel 25)

9:30 p.m. - Theater in America. New York's Chelsea Theater Center in a staging of David Storey's "The Contractor," a blend of absurdist comedy and gritty naturalism about a rich contractor who hires five workers to build a pavilion for his daughter's wedding. Repeat. (Channel 35)

12 a.m. - Movie. "Air Force." Wartime drama focusing on a Flying Fortress and her crew, directed by Howard Hawks. With Arthur Kennedy, John Garfield, and Gig Young. (Channel 19)

Sunday, May 11

12:30 p.m. - Arabs and Israelis. A PBS documentary about the Middle East situation and especially the people of the countries involved in the conflict. (Channel 35)

1 p.m. - CBS Sports Spectacular. The Winston 500 from Talladega speedway in Alabama. (Channel 19)

3 p.m. - Basketball. NBA Playoff. (Channel 10)

3 p.m. - World Invitational Tennis Classic. Evonne Goolagong against Chris Evert from Hilton Head. (Channel 25)

4 p.m. - The History of the Motion Picture. This week Part 1 of a condensation of John Barrymore's "Don Juan." (Channel 35)

7:30 p.m. - Cher. Carol Burnett, Dennis Weaver, and Greg Allman are guests. Is Cher priming Allman to be the new Sonny? (Channel 19)

8:30 p.m. - Part II of "Nicholas and Alexandra." (Channel 25)

Monday, May 12

9 p.m. - Movie. "Buck and the Preacher." Sidney Poitier directed this story of the Post-Civil War south and co-stars Harry Belafonte and Ruby Dee. (Channel 10)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. Senator George McGovern talks to Tom Snyder. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, May 13

8 p.m. - The Way It Was. The Baltimore Colts' win over the New York Giants in the 1958 NFL Championship is remembered as "the greatest football game ever played." (Channel 35)

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "The Execution of Private Slovik" is a somewhat overlong and self-serious account of the only American soldier to be shot for desertion in World War II. Martin Sheen stars. (Channel 10)

10 p.m. - Jazz-rock flutist Tim Weisberg is spotlighted with his back-up group. (Channel 35)

Wednesday, May 14

9 p.m. - Basketball. NBA Playoff. (Channel 19)

10 p.m. - Opryland U.S.A. The Nashville amusement park is the background for this musical special starring Sandy Duncan and Dennis Weaver. (Channel 25)

Thursday, May 15

9 p.m. - Movie. "The Captain From Castille." Tyrone Power joins the Cortez expedition to Mexico. Jean Peters, Cesar Romero, and Lee J. Cobb. (Channel 19)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. Muhammad Ali from Las Vegas. (Channel 10)

Friday, May 16

8 p.m. - Movie. "Don't Drink the Water." Woody Allen's play about tourists caught up in cold war politics got only moderately successful treatment from Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons and Ted Bessel.

12 a.m. - The 1975 Bunny of the Year pageant for oglers. (Channel 25)

1 a.m. - Midnight Special. Chubby Checker hosts a nostalgia show with stars from the fifties and sixties: Lesley Gore, Bo Didley, Danny and the Juniors, The Angels, and the Drifters. (Channel 10)

Classifieds

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Gay Christians, MCC, the International Christian Church with a special outreach to the Gay Community. Meets for Worship Services at 2 p.m. Sundays. For more information call 798-1269 or 252-3235 or write MCC, P.O. Box 11181, Columbia, S.C. 29211. All are welcome.

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EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

EDITED BY VENSON STEADMAN
MAY 9-16

cinema

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

A Fred Williamson double feature. "Hell up in Harlem" plays at 4:55 and 8:20; "Black Caesar" is the show at 3:20, 6:15 and 10:10. Both are rated PG.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Memories Within Miss Aggie" and "Male Chauvinist." Both are rated X and continuous shows start at 3:30 with the last complete show at 9.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Beach Blanket Bango" and "Ice Box." Both are X of course and play continuously from 1 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Force Four," another hard core action yarn, is rated R and runs at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110

"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" holds for another week and looks as though it may be here to stay. Certainly no one should miss this superb film that shows that an entertaining movie can be relevant to something other than the craving for nostalgia. It's about a woman suddenly required to fend for herself, and Ellen Burstyn interpolates the ideas

Ellen Burstyn

of liberation into a funny, Oscar-winning performance. R. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110

"Doc Savage." The latest movie money gambit seems to be the bringing back of all the pulp adventure heros of the past: Flash Gordon, Superman, and even Hercule Poirot (high-brow pulp) -- thus providing nostalgia, camp, and action all at the same time. This one stars Ron Ely as the "man of bronze." The times are 2:30, 4:30, 6:30 and 8:30.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

And speaking of Hercule Poirot, "Murder on the Orient Express" is back in town with Albert Finney as Agatha Christie's pertinacious detective. The Paul Dehn script is a clunker, but director Sidney Lumet and his many distinguished stars (including Ingrid Bergman, John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Sean Connery, and especially Vanessa Redgrave) are obviously having a ball with this classic puzzler. The lusciously detailed train is something worth getting nostalgic about. Rated PG, the shows start at 1:30, 4, 6:30 and 9.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Four Musketeers" continues its lengthy run. Michael York, Oliver Reed, Christopher Lee, and Richard Chamberlain buckle swash in a rowdy adaptation of the Dumas classic. Director Richard Lester has concentrated more on action than the comedy of "The Three Musketeers" released last year. PG.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Young Frankenstein." Mel Brooks' best comedy to date is still running in Columbia with shows at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud." Michael Sarrazin, Margot Kidder, and Jennifer O'Neill in an enjoyably awful concoction about a college professor who slowly discovers what a SOB he was in his previous life. Slight and unpretentious, but it's really pretty terrible. R. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"Capone." This new movie about the famous gangster is just opening across the country. With Ben Gazzara in the title role and Susan Blakely, Harry Guardino, and John Cassavetes. R. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

Probably the most encouraging movie phenomenon in Columbia right now is the continuing success of "Shampoo," which together with "Godfather II" disproves the claims that sophisticated films can't succeed commercially. The genre is farce -- Warren Beatty is a Beverly Hills hairdresser who services his many clients sexually as well as otherwise -- but the action is surprisingly, thoughtfully restrained (and thus all the funnier) and benefits from the solid competence of director Hal Ashby ("Harold and Maude") and the very special talents of writer Robert Towne ("Chinatown"), one of the most exciting movie talents to emerge in recent years. With Goldie Hawn, Lee Grant, Julie Christie, and an excellent Jack Warden as a cuckolded husband who is no fool. R with shows at 3, 5, 7 and 9.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7690

"My Pleasure is My Business" continues the adventures of "Happy Hooker" Xavier Hollander. Rated R. Starting times at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9.

(continued on page seven)

What could be better than The Three Musketeers?

NOW SHOWING

AT

2:30 – 4:30

6:30 – 8:30

GAMECOCK 1 Theatre
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
Cayce, S.C. / 796-0022